VOLUME LIV CHICAGO, DECEMBER 1, 1904. NUMBER 14

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Prayer-Answer.

At first I prayed for Light:—
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength:—
That I might tread the road
With firm unfaltering feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith:—
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in his peace,
Though fears were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love;
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan:—

And Light, and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

—*Ednah D. Cheney.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1904. NUMBER 14

Credo.

I trust Thee, not to the third day, not to Easter dawn, but to the end of time.

The day cometh; that sufficeth me.

It is my calm in unrest, my light in the dark, my consolation in distress and defeat.

I have been led to Thee by the flower of the fields, by the star of the skies, by the voice of the Prophets and of the Gospel, by the radiance from the obscurity of the humble, as from the brow of the Heroic and the Just.

But henceforth Thou hast no need of witnesses, or of fresh proofs. It is on Thee alone that I believe, in Thee that I would have my assurance for Life, for Death, for Eternity.

Charles Wagner.

A military court martial in Germany has recently visited heavy penalties upon two private soldiers who disarmed a drunken officer and wrenched the sword from his hands in self defense. This is doubtless good military law but it is very bad ethics. The world can do with fewer soldiers and poorer armies if thereby more justice is enforced.

When heresy hunting assumes grotesque proportions in the orthodox ranks, the day of heresy trials is nearly at an end. This is the way the *Congregationalist* disposes of the recent attempt of a young Methodist minister to defend the faith:

> Last Monday was an unusually poor day for news. Nothing else could explain why a bumptious young Methodist minister was allowed space in Boston daily papers to parade another charge of heresy against Prof. H. G. Mitchell of the Boston University School of Theology.

And now the Union Theological Seminary seems to have discarded the Westminster confession of faith and there seems to be but little ado made over it. Perhaps their action would meet with more protest if it had not been known for a long time that this same Westminster confession is held not only by this theological school but by hundreds and thousands of good Presbyterians, cleric and lay, in a Pickwickian sense, and revered as an interesting specimen in archaeology.

We have little faith in race, class or sect colonization, but the scheme to start a Jewish settlement in Africa has its fascinations—first, on account of the earnestness and ability if its advocates; second, because for a little time at least, it lifts Africa out of the sordid greed and grasping invasion of commercial and martial Europe. Would that the fertile though vacant acres of Africa might be planted by the high ideals and the noble ethics belonging to the people that made the waste places of Canaan blossom as the rose.

According to the *Advance*, the battle over Torreyism continues in England. A Congregational pastor of Bradford says:

> The great bulk of Bradford Congregationalists did not touch the mission. I can only think of three pastors who had anything to do with it. Seven ministers sent a public protest to the newspapers against Dr. Torrey's main doctrines, and the uncharitable spirit in which he spoke of all who disagreed with him.

But another Congregational minister rejoiced in his power, and the Baptist pastor was surprised to find "how much could be said for the theology of primitive Christianity."

An Illinois professor is distressed over Whitcomb Riley's dialect poems and thinks they should not be taught to children in the public schools lest they might debase the language. We would take the risk. Local color and the real speech of real people have always in them culture values. Why should not the language of the rustic Hoosier as well as the language of the peasant Scotchman give delight and refine and inspire children when used by a poet? Burns does not corrupt the English language, and we would risk Whitcomb Riley. Vulgar speech and meaningless song come not from the poets but from the other kind.

Professor Jackson of the University of Wisconsin in a recent educational conference held under the auspices of the Northwestern University, ventured to say:

> I think the charge of fads grows partly or wholly out of the character of work done in the kindergartens, under which name numerous sins are often cloaked by well-meaning, accomplished but highly impractical and often incompetent teachers.
>
> I am an earnest believer in the purposes of the kindergarten, but the practical results of its operations, where I have observed them, seem often to disseminate faulty methods of observation, poor workmanship in handicrafts and inaccuracy in thought. To the kindergarten belongs the initial work of manual training. Indeed a relatively large proportion of the kindergarten pupil's time ought to be engrossed by manual training.

The passing of William M. Lawrence from the pulpit of the Second Baptist Church of Chicago adds one more to the long list of ministerial pilgrims who have passed through a Chicago ministry en route to larger, we will not say more needy, fields in the East. Dr. Lawrence has fought a valiant fight; for nearly a quarter of a century he has held his own in this city of changes. His power has been cumulative because he has attended to his work in the spirit of kindliness and consecration. Dr. Lawrence, Dr. Hirsch and the writer of this note came to Chicago in the same year—1880—and there now remain but the last two of the trio at work. With the exception of Bishop Cheney, who has a ministerial assistant, we believe they represent the longest ministerial settlement. They have outlived three, four, or more generations of preachers in most of the churches of Chicago. The city of Chicago will be more lonesome to all workers for the good when Dr. Lawrence goes. The well wishes of unnumbered friends and admirers, of all denominations and of no denomination, will go with him.

Much is being done by the churches, separately and collectively, to expose if not to cure the corruption and the barbarities of the "lower ten thousand," as Lowell calls them. But there is a corruption and a barbarity in the upper ten thousand also which is too often overlooked. The *Advance* quotes from the sermon of Rev. Garrett Herder of England on "Hindrances to the Coming of the Kingdom of God," in which he denounces the "Smart Set" as one of the greatest curses of the realm. Have we in America a "Smart Set" that answers to this Englishman's description, and are we also without "Influences at the top to reprove or check them?"

> Many of them, he said, are set in high places, and their influence is filtering down to lower classes and corrupting our social life. Their week-end parties are untouched by religion—not an hour is given to worship. The day is given to eating, drinking, changing their attire, playing bridge. Their nights I will not attempt to describe. To cater for them the servants are worked to death on Sundays. They are a plague spot on this beloved England of ours. They are robbing us of things most precious—of our Sundays, of our modesty, of our religion, of our good manners. They are eating the heart out of our politics; they are debasing our parliamentary life. They are dragging classes which should be exemplars down to the corrupt ways of Rome and Greece—corruption which ended in their overthrow. And since Queen Victoria died there is no influence at the top to reprove or check them.

"It makes me glad to be alive!" is the word that comes to us upon an illuminated card glistening with the front of the "Palace of Varied Industries" from St. Louis. And what a pity that this thing of beauty should be only a six-months' joy. Some day we will be more economic of great things and will avoid such scandalous waste. How easy it ought to be and what a great thing it would be if the government of the United States were to say to the over-worked and over-taxed authorities at St. Louis, "You have done well; you have done very well; now go into winter quarters; nail up the front doors; keep all the worthy exhibits intact so far as possible; let the superficial, the crude, the vicious elements be frozen out for good. Then next spring early we will invest a few thousand dollars in freshening up with a bit of paint here and bunting there and we will open up again the first of May and invite the world for another six months to the feast of beauty. We will make the admission twenty-five cents, bid them all welcome, and we, the United States, will take care of all arrears." It would be money well invested. The cost would be less than for a poor war ship and the good done would be beyond computation. Some day governments will say, "For this end came I into the world; for this cause was I born." Let us hasten the time.

Many readers of UNITY will join with the Senior Editor in rejoicing over that triumph of independency which re-elects to the district court bench of Minneapolis, Judge Frank C. Brooks. Judge Brooks, although a democrat, led a bench of eight in the popular vote in the face of the landslide which defeated all other democrats on the ticket. The reason for and the significance of this triumph were well stated in the *Minneapolis Journal* on the day before election when it said:

> It is probably not overstating the matter to say that no man on the Hennepin county bench, for the past fifteen or twenty years, has achieved a higher place in the confidence of the bar and of the public as an able, honest and wise judge than Judge Brooks. He is not much of a campaigner, besides he is now on the bench and could not with propriety take any steps to promote his own success at the polls, but the voter can do all that when he goes to the polling booth to give his support to the cause of good government. Judge Brooks happens to be a Democrat, but the Republican who cannot rise above party lines when it comes to the judiciary is becoming a very scarce article in these days of independent voting. We look for Judge Brooks' election by a heavy non-partisan vote.

In addition to this triumph of independency, UNITY tenders its special congratulations to Judge Brooks. It was the pleasure of the Senior Editor in the early days of his Janesville ministry to give to Frank Brooks his first lessons in Greek and to start him towards college. He was an early and faithful worker in the study classes of the All Souls Church of Janesville. He is an appreciative listener and hearty supporter of our associate, Mr. Simmons, of Minneapolis. He has ever been a quiet but earnest student of high things. His clear intellect has been accompanied by a clean heart. Only those who fear justice will have occasion to tremble at his bar. The rise and power of such a man is the restoring and reassuring element in American politics.

Ednah Dow Cheney.

Surely a Mother in the Israel of the liberal faith and of the pieties of reform has fallen asleep. Now, as we remember, there remain of the inner circle of that old guard, of whom Theodore Parker was the prophet, Emerson the singer, Boston the Jerusalem and Concord the Bethany, the place just over the hill that harbors the prophets and cheers the saints, only Julia Ward Howe, Colonel Higginson and Frank B. Sanborn.

When, over thirty years ago, the writer of this note timidly groped his way through the (to him) then unknown labyrinths of Boston in search of an afternoon session of the Free Religious Association, he hoped to find his way incog., to slip in under the gallery and find his place, but he was met at the door by a most motherly or grandmotherly presence. Ample were the proportions of her body, her cordiality, and the radiant intelligence of her face. She was enveloped in a large spotless kitchen apron, with sleeves tucked up for kitchen business. The pilgrim from the West had stumbled in at a side door and there was a banquet or something of the kind in process; he had fallen into the hands of Ednah D. Cheney, who in a trice had unmasked the stranger, and he had found a friend whose sympathies and kindly co-operation have continued through all this time. Mrs. Cheney was a reformer without being a crank; a radical without being an iconoclast; a strong minded woman who was at the same time as strong hearted a woman. Wherever was the struggle for an advance, wherever a progressive cause needed befriending, there was Mrs. Cheney. She pleaded the cause of the slave before the war; she worked for the emancipated during and after the war; she was one of the founders, and we believe always an

active member on the executive board of the Free Religious Association; an unflinching champion of the rights of woman, not only at the polls but on the platform, in the college and in the professions. We read that she was the first woman to speak in the Divinity School at Cambridge, where even her grace and culture met opposition by some members of the faculty. She helped to secure for women a place in the professional and technical schools of Boston. The Concord School of Philosophy and the Hospital for Women and Children both needed and received her active support. All this time her pen hand was diligent. She was a writer of stories, poems, and essays innumerable. She was the biographer of Louisa M. Alcott. Her husband was an artist who, by his untimely death, bequeathed to his young wife a trust in this direction. She was an art-interpreter in many ways and to many people throughout her long life of eighty years. Above all these, Mrs. Cheney was a devotee. The breadth of her vision sweetened and deepened her trust in the invisible.

We invite our readers, as we have often done, in other ways and places, to join with us this week in singing Mrs. Cheney's hymn of faith, which we print on our front page.

State Conferences of Charities.

The reports of three significant state conferences of charities recently held are before us—those of Massachuseets, New York and Illinois; the first two reported in *Charities,* the organ of the charitable organizations of the city of New York, the latter in *Co-operation,* the organ of the Chicago Bureau of Charities. Massachusetts agitated state inspection of private institutions on the ground that "corporations whose personal property has been exempted from taxation should be subject to such inspection." There are four hundred and sixty-three such corporations in Massachusetts whose total expenditure last year amounted to nearly five million and a half dollars and they own nearly eighteen millions of property. The demand for public investigation of such institutions is imperative. A much developed community will compel all activities who live on public contributions not only to carry a glass pocket book, but to give to the public from time to time an account of their stewardship. A representative of the Catholic society of St. Vincent de Paul at this conference put it thus:

> We live in the days of the X-ray and the searchlight of the twentieth century, and the institution taht cannot stand the supervision and inspection of its work and management by boards of charity and commissions selected for the purpose, should be given leave to retire from business.

The New York conference heroically faced the plague spot in state institutions—the administration of such institutions by "Political Pull." The President in his opening speech declared that the great work in hand was to bring the people of the state to

> I appreciate the fact that those chosen to relieve the needs of the poor shall be selected because of their character and intelligence, and not through any personal or political pull or influence.
>
> "There is in our English tongue," he said, "a little word in common use, a word that under ordinary circumstances we hear with no quickening of the pulse. But not so when this word is used in connection with the charities. Politics and charity. How sinister the significance, when we know that in every state where partisan politics is allowed to interfere with the administration of charity the results are most unfortunate. The principles enunciated on this subject by the two principal candidates for the office of governor at the recent election must have been particularly gratifying to the members of this conference."

But the President hastens to say that in the state charitable and reformatory institutions of New York civil service law and the power of independent citizens have practically kept them free from partisan influence, while county and municipal institutions suffer. Further along in the program Prof. Frank Fetter of Cornell University took up the same subject and showed how one officer secured an appointment, whose sole qualification consisted in the fact that "he carried Montgomery County around in his pocket" for the republican party, while on the other hand the administration went out of the state and took a man who did not care to come, to be at the head of the great Elmira reformatory because of his eminent fitness.

Said the Professor:

> The pressure upon the high officials with appointing power is so strong that they cannot resist the greedy grafter unless the mass of the citizens demand and recognize good public service. The corruptionist and the vote catcher are ever on the alert; and the citizen who is ready to put party service above public welfare is an unconscious accomplice in the corruption of the government.

The incomplete report of the Illinois Conference of Charities compared to the programs just mentioned is one to make the citizen of this great state of the West hang his head with shame, for it is an open secret that the Illinois Conference of Charities is practically under the thumb of the "ring," and consequently the fundamental scandal in regard to the institutions of the state must not be discussed at the supposedly corrective body. There is too much reason for the misapprehension complained of in this report—that the Illinois conference "is composed of superintendents of state institutions." Without a single exception, all such superintendents are political appointees. There was denunciation of county jails and alms houses, condemnations of certain handling of orphan children; the secretary of the state board of charities urged legal prohibition of marriage among the feeble-minded, but no word was said looking towards the rescuing of the twenty-two institutions of the state of Illinois, with its nearly three thousand appointees, from the private patronage bag of the party in power. Charles S. Deneen, the governor-elect, is pledged to do what he can to bring about a merit law for these institutions, but there is no law against his doing his duty now. There is no reason why he should not begin to practice what he has been preaching, what he is pledged to legislate for. A few significant appointments on his part when he assumes office will go further than many words. The independent element, the honest non-partisan citizen of Illinois to whom he owes his election, will watch with anxiety his own action in this direction. It is within his power to do much towards lifting the state of Illinois out of its disgrace in this direction. He may not be able to secure the passage of the merit law, but he can refuse to remove the competents and can replace the incompetents by those who bring to their tasks special training and the efficiency of experts.

A Union Thanksgiving Service.

It was a source of keen regret to many that the union Thanksgiving service, which for so many years has been held at the heart of the city, had to retire from the center this year for want of a hospitable host. But the distance to the corner, Twenty-first Street and Indiana Avenue, was not so great but that the beautiful auditorium of Sinai Temple was wellnigh filled with an audience larger than any that has gathered in the downtown theater for several years. The exercises were such as to sustain the high traditions of this service. The opening service was impressive. The Sinai choir, always one of the best in the city, rendered high music, and Dr. Hirsch read the Thanksgiving service from the impressive ritual of the church and presided with the grace, wit and power that is his wont. Rabbis Stolz and Schanfarber took part in the devotional exercises, and Dr. Mason of St. Paul's Church gave the benediction. Miss Jane Addams, E. G. Cooley, Superintendent of the public schools of Chicago, R. A. White and F. V. Hawley were the speakers.

Said the presiding officer:

Our differences will be forgotten today in the thought that we are of one nation, one in the love of our country, one in our desire to reach a common goal. We are all striving after justice and righteousness. These are the underlying principles of our national life, the pillars upon which we must rest the temple of humanity.

Miss Addams was the first speaker. She said in part:

This festival represents the Puritan's expression of his harvest home joys. The dance, the drink, all of those things which pertain to the later harvest home festivals in the south and west were not tolerated by him and so he formulated this Thanksgiving service which added to his thankfulness for the crops his deep religious feeling. But we also are accustomed to think of Thanksgiving as having to do with the bounty of nature; we cannot but think of it this morning as having something to do with people rather than with corn or other crops. In this city we have to deal with men and women more than with grain and cattle. I wonder if in counting over our blessings we take enough stock, so to speak, in this human wealth. We would look about us spiritually and realize that for us, living in a great cosmopolitan city, the crop growing up about us is something of this human kind, something which may be helped and cultivated or something which may grow to weeds, and bring a great sorrow and perhaps great wrong. I am always newly impressed when brought face to face with numbers of immigrants, with the stupidity with which we in America look upon this great immigration which is going on all about us. We do not meet them with the good will and cheer which they gladly bring to us. They come here with all sorts of hopes—not quite the hopes of the early immigrants who thought they would pick up gold and diamonds in the streets, but hopes for a fuller life. While in us if they do not strike unkindness they certainly strike a good deal of indifference and coldness. Perhaps we are throwing away a great opportunity, something which might raise within us moral energy, good will and kindliness, simply because we do not meet this tide of immigration with that which it deserves to have.

Interviewing some men of late, I have been told that the system of corruption begins as soon as they leave their native villages. Many of them try in all sorts of ways to avoid the new immigration laws. A great many go from Italy to Berlin or Liverpool and sail from there; they do all sorts of things to get themselves ready to avoid the laws; they are pressed all the way along the line. Many of the Russian and Polish Jews spend months in getting ready to evade these laws; learning to answer questions; raising a little money here and there as they are handed from one to another preparing for this strange ordeal. As soon as they land they are thrown in with the corrupt that in alliance with the corrupters on the other side, those who are interested in making corrupt or corruptible citizens of them. What a different thing is this from the hope and the fervor with which the Pilgrims came to America and which is represented by this Thanksgiving day. It seems to me that if we had among us any of that spirit, anything of that belief that only upon justice and righteousness can a great nation be founded, we would look to it and see what can be done in regard to this great question of immigration. We do one of two things: We either shut our eyes to it and are amused when we hear a strange tongue on the streets, or else we allow the people who make it their concern to debauch this material of citizenship before it starts and to turn it over to the worst political influences as soon as it arrives. Something ought to be done. What day better than this to start some of these problems.

While I am aware that I am not making the kind of speech that Thanksgiving day demands, I am after all saying some of the things which press upon many of us and which we sometimes feel ought to press home upon the rest of you. We ought to have more help, more study into these subjects. We know a very little, but somewhere the scholar, the man of affairs, the people who are concerned for the good of the nation, ought to be aroused, and give their attention, their kindliness, their minds, to this great question.

The chairman, commenting on Miss Addams' speech, said:

The corruptive influences alluded to by Miss Addams are distinctively American. The deliberate process of evading law and trying to get something by the back door which cannot be obtained through the front door, is distinctively American, and foreigners offer a percentage of those who become apt scholars in this form of Americanism. The public schools have a high duty to induct the children of immigrants into the truer Americanism. But their task is not simply to make Americans out of the children of immigrants but to make Americans out of the children of native-born Americans. Hence it is proper that on this day and this occasion we should hear from one who is doing such valiant service as superintendent of our public schools.

Mr. Cooley spoke of the educational opportunity in relation to the new charter which should safeguard the public schools from the influences of "pull." His plea was for a merit system and for an extension of the public school system to meet all the growing needs of all classes of the community.

Rev. R. A. White, who is now a member of the board of public instruction in the city of Chicago, followed with a spirited plea for unanimity in preparing the new charter. He sounded a note of warning lest the many independent and sometimes antagonistic charter schemes might bring confusion to the legislature and thus bring defeat to the better possibilities of the city's exceptional opportunity at this time.

Rev. Fred V. Hawley, the new pastor of Unity Church, was present for the first time. He made the closing speech and touched the program with the devoutness and tenderness that made it an impressive and comforting, as well as an inspiring whole. He said in part:

It may seem strange that I, who have for the first time the privilege of attending one of the union liberal Thanksgiving services, should attempt to express our feeling and gratitude for the common ties which bind us together. May I assure you that I have long been inspired by the simple fact that once a year in the city of Chicago, long before I became a citizen here, such a service was held? In my isolation when there was no invitation given to me by my brother ministers or sister churches in the union Thanksgiving services because I was deemed heretical, I looked at the report in the papers about this service and felt somehow that wireless telegraphy of sympathy and fellowship which touches today many a man in remote places and does help. I take it we will all admit we are drawn together by the noblest expression of our human race—loving gratitude; that we have come to understand that he who has never felt gratitude has never known love, and that it is really beneath this rainbow arch of love that all heroes live and labor. That power to do and dare and to suffer, is born of love, immortal. It will grow as a royal power, and grander still, must ever grow all power. This, I believe, friends, is the great foundation upon which rests all our fraternal strength. I am reminded in this presence of the great cloud of witnesses, invisible but yet real, whom we all cherish, I believe, in our memories: Dr. Koehler, Robert Collyer, David Swing, Hiram Thomas, Dr. Ryder, Sumner Ellis, Brooke Herford, M. J. Savage, E. P. Powell, David Utter, and the beloved Dr. Felsenthal. Many another might be mentioned. Some of them have gone to remote parts; some have passed into the great beyond, but they live in our affections forever more.

The greatest minds in the scientific world today are declaring with no uncertain sound that thought is a spiritual substance,

hence the thoughts which you and I think concerning our brothers are either building them up or tearing them down. One day our fellowship will be so inclusive and our thinking so strong and true that we shall, by meditating upon the virtues of our fellow men rather than upon their defects, build them into symmetry. The question of life is not what people are not, but what they are. We know that inharmony is not only disagreeable but destructive; that criticism and exclusiveness go hand in hand; that greatness and growth depend always upon sympathy and the inclusive spirit. What though the old earth may seem cold and dead, dreary and inhospitable to thinkers and lovers, they will yet live in the golden beauty of fruitful summer. So in a union liberal Thanksgiving service we cannot but be reminded that when winds of adversity howl in the dreary social or ecclesiastical wastes, ours is the privilege, with hearts of love and minds of sympathy, to make warmth and beauty within. It comes to me sometimes as I think of this fellowship which is not limited by such words as Christian, Jew, Unitarian, Universalist, or what not—that just as old ocean with wind and tossing wave has driven together materials to build a beautiful island, so in the ecclesiastical quests of life has been formed this brotherhood, this fellowship, which in my opinion stands today like a friendly island whose evergreen shores invite the traveler to peace, safety and companionship. God forbid that its flora or its fauna should ever produce poisons or aught that makes for hatred or disease, but here may the rose tree of life be forever filled with beauty and fragrance. I wonder if we fully appreciate the mighty meaning along ethical spiritual lines of such a gathering as this? How much do we live and find our life in these sympathies! When burdens press, as press and chafe they will, looking back to these glad days, we shall be able, I trust, to nerve ourselves anew for patient endeavor and faithful endurance until the clouds break, the day dawns and the shadows flee. I thank you all; I greet you all; may God bless you!

The Forefathers.

And I have given you a land for which ye did not labor, and cities which ye built not, and ye dwell in them.—*Joshua.*

We quarrel of land and line;
We bicker of work and wage;
We trouble our souls with a doleful sign,
Forgetting our heritage—
Forgetting the tireless hands,
Forgetting the restless feet
That fared undaunted through unknown lands
Till the path was made complete.

The fathers—the men who dreamed,
And, dreaming, were strong to dare,
To struggle ahead to the goal that gleamed,
A prize that was rich and fair.
The fathers—the men who thought
Of all that the future held,
And, hearts uplifted, essayed and wrought
All the work their dreams compelled.

We pluck from the vines they set;
We walk in the ways they made;
We harvest their fields; and their forests yet
Are giving us rest and shade.
The fathers—the men of old,
Who builded a place for us,
A country magnificent; brave and bold
In their faith all glorious.

We quarrel and dread and doubt,
Forgetting we only hold
The comfort within and the peace without
By grace of the men of old;
Forgetting the toil and stress,
Forgetting the bygone age
When cities were planned in their comeliness
For a future heritage.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit in the Trail to Boyland.*

If need be, go work the roads, but do not stagnate in your sorrow. If the dead could speak to us they would give this counsel.

Let us honor them in our accomplishment, and let us mourn them on our feet, diligent about some worthy business.

And remember that for those who give their time up to hatreds or vanities the dead are twice dead. Every day they pass farther into oblivion. But living in fraternity, in all things of the higher life, we draw nearer to all, the living and the dead alike.

—*Charles Wagner.*

THE PULPIT.

Charles Wagner: The Man and His Message.

A SERMON BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES. DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 27, 1904.

I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly. —John x:10.

Probably the greatest international preacher today is Charles Wagner of Paris. With the single exception of Tolstoy, I can think of no European now living who is so widely read and so much beloved as he who last week was signally honored by being presented to a vast audience, national in its character, by the President of the United States, whose introductory words were flashed by the telegraph throughout the length and breadth of the land and read by millions of people the next morning.

Dr. Wagner's books have been translated into most of the current languages of Europe. Over one hundred thousand copies of his "Simple Life" have been sold in America. Fortunately, most of us have had the privilege of seeing and hearing this large-hearted, broad-shouldered, clear-voiced, healthy, earnest, devout and cheerful man. We are all indebted to the courage and enterprise of the two or three women who made the venture that brought him to our door and enabled us to present him to this community and to listen to him from this pulpit. This platform has been given added sanctity by his message and the traditions of this church have been once more enlarged by the tender associations that gather around one whom nations have learned to honor.

Mr. Wagner has an interesting personality. He presents in himself that wide range of experience that gives interest to life. In his case it has given breadth to his convictions and scope to his sympathies. He is a rustic in the city, a German-Frenchman, a conservative liberal, a cultivated ascetic; born on the third day of January, 1852, in a quiet, beautiful nook in an out-of-the-way corner of Alsace, among simple but religious people. He first opened his eyes on this world wonder while his father was preaching in the village church. When he was seven years of age his father died, leaving him, the eldest of five children, to comfort and sustain a poor parson's widow.

His earliest training may be inferred from such surroundings,—primitive schools with a minimum of text books and of machinery, a maximum of out doors and of wholesome contact with the peasant people who felled trees, plowed fields, weeded gardens and mowed meadows, and he learned to do all of these things himself. Mowing is now a favorite pastime with him.

It was fitting that such a boy should be inducted into Latin and Greek and the elements of theology by the village pastor, for his fore-elders on both sides were clerics. He was foreordained to be a minister, and so at fourteen years of age his good pastor put the village boy on the train one evening and said, "Tomorrow morning you will be in Paris." "Be a good boy and study hard," was the goodbye of the man who was breaking stones on the road. Three years of homesickness, a biographer says, of much weeping and longing, and he took his degree of "B. A." at the Sorbonne. Then he became a student of theology at Strasbourg, and later a tutor. Six years of study and teaching gave him his ministerial preparation. Meanwhile the great Franco-Prussian war had been in progress but he had no time for it; he was engrossed in deeper studies. His father was a liberal Lutheran, but he had problems his father knew not of. He was searching his soul for foundations and ransacking history and philosophy for the material out of which to construct a living faith. Spinoza, Tauler and the mys-

tics were his companions. Science inspired him, the Alps ministered to him and the common people comforted him. So in due time he began his ministerial work—how and with whom he himself has told in this room. A little mountain circuit, two appointments, ten miles apart, a distance which he traveled afoot every Sunday. The little parishes numbered not more than thirty families each and they were so preoccupied and so scattered that often his congregation numbered not more than eight or nine, no more than listened to Jesus. He preached in German, but there were in his congregation always a percentage who understood only French; and so, whether he preached in French or in German (and he learned to preach in both), there were some simple minds he could not reach.

At last the meager constituency led him to think of more available fields, and, to use his own words, "After five years of this ministry, when I was thirty years of age, I said to my young wife, 'We will go to Paris and there take a fresh bath of knowledge; study a while longer, and then perhaps in some larger village we may be wanted.'"

So in 1882 we find him again in Paris and a student. During the 60's and early 70's the Coquerals, father and son, had voiced a liberal gospel in Paris. They were the Unitarians of the French metropolis, preachers of fervid eloquence and comprehensive faith. But the father died in 1868 and the son in 1875, and the congregation was scattered; however, a few were made of such stuff as could not be suppressed, and they appealed to this young man from the country to abandon his plan for a new course of study and to take up the work laid down by these men that religion might have a liberal and rational interpretation in Paris. But the task seemed too great; he shrank from the undertaking. He said "no" to those cultured citizens, but the mute cry of the working classes and the pressing needs of children claimed him. He gathered little children of a Sunday in his own dining room, his good wife playing on the organ when they sang their simple hymns. Later he opened in a simple way his house for evening talks to common people. And so the congregation grew and passed out into a simple hall which gradually expanded. His constituency came from the more intelligent working people—the clerks and saleswomen, the under-graduates at the university, then the professors and the artists, men of science and of public affairs. To such a congregation he now preaches and they worship without the accessories of stately columns, ecclesiastical architecture, costly choir or great organ.

So much for the messenger; now what of the message? Happily he speaks for himself in terms that are intelligible to all, but although his message seems adequately phrased in the words that have given wings to his searching book, "The Simple Life," the message that early attracted the attention of the most strenuous of our Presidents, to adequately formulate even this messsage is the task of the philosopher, the work of the scholar. But let us together for a few minutes turn the leaves of his books, of which there are now five available to the English reader.

The first published in America and the widest known, the book that has made him famous and that turns all hearts to him, is entitled "The Simple Life."

It is a small book of fourteen chapters. They discuss our "Complex Life," "The Essence of Simplicity," "The Simplicity of Thought, Speech, Duty, Needs and Pleasures," "The Mercenary Spirit as Contrasted to Simplicity," "Notoriety and the Inglorious Good," "The World and the Life of Hope," "Simple Beauty," "Pride and Simplicity in the Intercourse of Men," "The Education for Simplicity," and the "Conclusion."

Sermons, all of them. Doubtless in one way or another every thought and perhaps every sentence in this book has done duty in the pulpit. As I turn the leaves of my copy I find marked passages begging for recognition and asking for reiteration. In the opening chapter grandmamma "pities the poor lovers who are already worn out in getting ready for the wedding." There is a wild confusion of dressmakers and milliners, jewelers and caterers, loads of gifts, betrothal dinners, receptions, balls, a deluge of letters, and midnight consultations. "The world is growing too complex; it does not make people happier; quite the contrary," says grandmamma, sitting in her own armchair enjoying the silence of long meditative hours, and, of course, this morning we are all of grandmamma's opinion, but the next wedding will find us again in the humiliating vortex. Surely "the complexity of our life does appear in the number of our material needs." Surely also, "these do not necessarily increase happiness, brotherly love or power of good," but, on the contrary, these "have driven men to baseness, envy, avarice and thirst of pleasure as hunger never has." "Egotism grows more maleficent as it becomes more refined."

In the chapter on "The Essence of Simplicity" we read that "the man who walks the street barefooted may lead a life more complex than he who rides in his carriage, for simplicity is not of things but of spirit." "Everything that consoles and feeds hope and throws a light upon dark paths, making us to see across our poor lives a splendid goal and a boundless future, have come to us from people of simplicity who have understood the art of living, which is to know how to give one's life."

In the chapter on "The Simplicity of Thought" we read, "Thought is a tool and not a toy." "Good sense is a fund slowly accumulated by the labor of centuries." "Life is progression; progression is aspiration. The history of humanity is the history of indomitable hope."

"Simplicity of speech is the gift of the cultured and not of the ignorant." "There is nothing so strong and persuasive as simplicity." "They all forget that those who make the least noise do the most work. An engine that expends all its steam in whistling has nothing left with which to turn wheels."

He traces our nervousness to the "vice of the superlative." "What good can come from the habit of exaggerated speech?" "As to simple duty, the near duty is the plain duty, and our simple needs are our high needs." "The courtier basking in the sun, the drunken laborer, the commoner serving his belly, the woman absorbed in her toilets, are all on the downward way of desire, and the descent is fatal; the further they go the less able they are to resist it." "The reign of wants is by no means the reign of brotherhood. The more things a man desires for himself, the less he can do for his neighbor, even for those attached to him by ties of blood."

Equally wise is his discussion of "Simple Pleasures." "The soldier singing between battles hints to him that joy has celebrated its finest triumphs under the greatest tests of endurance." "Joy is not in things, it is in us."

"The mercenary spirit," our preacher tells us, "resolves everything into the single question, *How much is that going to bring me?* and resumes everything in the single axiom, *with money we can procure anything.*" This he calls "gross and criminal superstition," for "the most precious things that man possesses he has almost always received gratuitously; let him learn so to give them."

In his chapter on "Notoriety and the Inglorious Good" he counts the "love of advertisement one of

the chief puerilities of our time." The rage for notoriety, he says, "spreads abroad in all the domains of life—spiritual and material." He establishes his philosophy by the story of the Alsatian stone-breaker who bade him God-speed on his way to the Parisian University and was there to welcome him back; by the revelations not only of courage but of kindness and sweetness found in the Siberian convict camps. "Day by day a cloud of witnesses invisible and beloved prove that the treasure of humanity is always hidden goodness."

In the chapter on "Simple Beauty" we have again the truth stated so clearly that no one will undertake to refute it, and still it is a truth so high that few undertake to realize it. There is no equivocation in the rhetoric of Charles Wagner; he takes the bull by the horns at the outset and grapples with the apologetic argument that "luxury is the providence of business, the fostering mother of arts and the grace of civilized society." He denies that simplicity and beauty are rivals; the one is not a synonym of the ugly, nor is the other of the beautiful. Let the indulgent, the overdressed, the overdecorated, the champions of rococo architecture and filigree jewelry, ponder upon this sentence and realize the brutality in their practice: "Our eyes are wounded by the growing spectacle of gaudy ornament, venal art, and senseless, graceless luxury." He says, "Our contemporary art suffers from want of simplicity as much as our literature." He talks of the "prodigality of horrors produced by bad taste." He reminds us that "our dress should be the interpreters of our intentions;" that "dress is not simply a covering, but a symbol"; that "the dress that has no relation to her who wears it is only toggery, a domino."

"Many things that women admire do as much wrong to their beauty as to the purses of their husbands and fathers." In the interest of the real art he wishes that the young girl in her novitiate of womanhood, the future mother, might become her own dressmaker. "Thus will she put a soul into the inanimate, which is better than to covet what one has not and to give one's self up to longings for poor imitations of others' finery."

In the twelfth chapter he considers "Pride and Simplicity in the Intercourse of Men." "He alone is rich who considers his wealth as a means of fulfilling his mission in the world; he is surely markworthy." "The pride of power and the pride of wealth are both dangerous; the desire to become better makes one more humble, but he loses nothing in distinction, he reaps more respect in that he has sown the less pride."

You will go far to find as many practical suggestions concerning the education of children as are found in the twenty pages given to "The Education for Simplicity." Two false methods in education are arraigned: "Bringing up children for ourselves," and "bringing them up for themselves." "There is an education that makes the minority of the child perpetual instead of evolving him into independence. The education that evolves a master, forgetful of sacrifice, without respect, even pity, the education that puts a child into life without law or check, is, in the eyes of our author, lamentable. Hence, "children should be educated neither for themselves nor for their parents; man is no more designed to be a *personage* than a *specimen;* they should be educated for life." "The child's moral nature must feed upon respect; it is a fundamental need. He says, "Preserve them from the evil of believing that to be elegantly dressed suffices for distinction. "Any education that leads the child to despise the customs and activities among which he has grown is a calamity." He talks of "soul murders." "Some are struck down with bludgeons, others gently smothered with pillows."

I have thus far spoken of "The Simple Life" because it is the best known, perhaps the most characteristic, but it is doubtful if it is his most valuable book, if people would only read the others.

"Youth" is a priceless book to put into the hands of young men and young women of high school and college age. He says in this book, "I have tried to encourage the awaking of the modern spirit." He sums up the conquests, the losses and the contradictions of the century closed; he estimates the heirs of that century; he dwells on the need of the orientation of the intellectual and the moral sense, as defined by the dictionary, "The process of determining the points of the compass" in order to take one's bearings." In the last section he points the youth towards "the sources and the heights." It is the twentieth century call to the moralities. He tells the young that "the militarism engendered by the struggle for existence is worse than war itself;" that the "test of a man's character is not his creed but the degree of respect he has for women." "Tell me how you love and I will tell you who you are."

He warns the youth against the party spirit, which "neutralizes honest and couargeous effort," and he foresees "a youth who for his better protection has chosen this watch-word, 'Party spirit is an enemy.'" In the study of the "Contradictions of the Age" there is a Ruskin-like arraignment of the artificialities. There is a sublime climax as the book rises to its close in the chapter on "Belief," in which he says, "Life ends, not begins with faith." "Piety," he tells us, "is reverence reaching out to the world beyond." "The belief which lacks reverence is domineering, unkindly."

"Courage," to my mind, is a still riper book. It is not a sequel, but a more profound study of the problems involved in "Youth." In his introductory note he says to his young readers: "I should like to sound in your ears a clarion call that would fire your hearts; I should like to reveal to you the evils of violence to consecrated manliness, after which it would be impossible for you to be satisfied with enervating pleasure or to give yourselves up to barren discouragement." He tells them that "obedience is the proclamation by the individual of the great fact of solidarity; that the best are those who suffer most; that the easy grades are for those who descend, not those who ascend." He talks of the "two classes of incompetents," those who do without work because they have enough to live on, and those who work reluctantly; both are parasites.

Chapter Eight, on "Effort and Work," shows the author's kinship to Tolstoy and Ruskin. It is a great one.

The chapter on "Fear" is a much-needed one. "Fear is not a sentiment on which to found morality; duty is often unhealthy; the fear of catching cold or more serious illness must not hinder you from being a man."

The chapter on "Gaiety" shows that our author believes in red blood; he is no pale ascetic. "Gaiety is itself a triumph, a triumph of mind over matter." He says, "I recommend gaiety to you; it is cheering, enterprising, pliant."

As "Courage" is a companion volume to "Youth," so "By the Fireside" is an extension of the discussions of "The Simple Life." It is a book for lovers, for young fathers and mothers; a book for the nursery; a book that discusses the "Servant Question," "Our Animal Friends," "Women's Work," "Hospitality," and "Religion in the Home." Here as elsewhere he stands for the ideal. He deals in fundamental truths when he tells us that the "most beautiful songs have never been written; the most beautiful pictures have never been painted." He puts the law of rivalry vs. the law of succor; he proves the fundamental equality of democracy by telling us that

"through our ancestors we come from the crowd; through our descendants we return to it; how can it be indifferent to us?"

I have reserved for the last my mention of "The Better Way," the most subtle and on that account the most profound of the five volumes of which I have spoken, and probably the one that is destined to last the longest. I have already alluded to his lonely days and high quests of his youth; his companionship with Spinoza and the philosophers. Charles Wagner is a mystic, as all men of great faith and high purposes must be. To be a mystic is to live in intimate relation with hidden powers, with underlying realities; it is to have a sense of the immanence of the Divine; it is to feel the sanctity of the now, to discover apocalyptic qualities in the here.

The pathos of a vacant chair, the chastened joy that comes only from the possession of treasures in the "house not made with hands," pervades this book. This might be called a Book of Meditation, but it is more; it is a book of prayers, but it is more. It is a soul communing with its other self. The titles "Souvenirs," "In Troublous Hours," "The Gates of Death," "With the Young," "Gird Up Thy Loins," "Forerunners" and "By Faith," give little suggestion of the contents.

Through these pages our author is accompanied by a mysterious *"Friend"* whom I cannot describe; he himself confesses he does not know who he is. But he is some one who has listened to the prophets in Judea, who has prayed on Calvary, but who also loves the good Homer, Plato, and all things largely human. He is one who has a decided bent for scientific research, for social questions; he loves to follow unbeaten paths over vast stretches of the unknown. He is one who abhors the sectarian spirit and declares that if the Chief should return, by whom men swear and anathematize, not one of them would be of his own creed. What the demon over the right shoulder was to Socrates; what Sayd, the ideal bard, was to Emerson, this "friend" is to the author in this book of "The Better Way"—a searching, revealing, comforting book, from which time alone prohibits quotation.

But a sheaf of quotations, however fascinating, is not a sermon. What is the sermon of Charles Wagner? Wherein lies his power, for he evidently is a man of power? It is easier to define him negatively than affirmatively.

His power is not literary; his books are incidental; they are all made of spoken words. You do not see the pen, you hear the voice. They do not abound in delicate similes or telling illustrations; there are few figures of speech, few stories, and fewer jokes. When you come upon an illustration it is exceedingly simple, unpremeditated and sometimes not exhausted. A man breaking stones on the road, a woman selling soup on the bridge, a lazy, fat man riding in a cart, brutally beating a little donkey, not so heavy as himself, who draws him up the hill on the top of a heavy load—such are his illustrations.

Neither is Charles Wagner an orator after the manner of such great preachers as Beecher, Theodore Parker or Phillips Brooks. He is not within quick touch of the fountain of tears like the first; he has no burning invective against wrong, like the second; he has not the tumultuous tide of enthusiasm, like the third. He is more Socratic than Homeric, more of the school of Emerson than of Goethe. I suspect that his copy of the New Testament would show that he is far more familiar with the Gospels than he is with the Epistles, and in the Gospels he studies the Sermon on the Mount even more than the Parables. In short, he is an exponent of plain ethics, the simple law of right. His first book was entitled "Justice." He has lifted the golden rule into a fervent faith. His books are incidental, but his character is fundamental.

Charles Wagner is an universal. You will go far to find a man in the pulpit who is beloved and endorsed from Rome to Jerusalem. It was profoundly significant that his one public lecture in Chicago was under the auspices of All Souls Church, delivered in the Oakland M. E. Church, and that on the platform that night sat in fraternal cheer and cordiality the pastor of the Baptist Church, the Methodist Church and two Jewish rabbis, and that my Presbyterian, Episcopalian and Catholic neighbors sent regrets based on previous engagements. Mr. Wagner and his companion, Dr. Koenig, received cordial welcome at the hands of the Catholic Archbishop of Minnesota, and their letter of introduction was from the pastor of All Souls Church. I know of no preacher who has so succeeded in eliminating dogma out of faith, in laying aside doctrine, or at least in putting doctrine where it belongs—into the foundations of his religion rather than into the superstructure, which is with him love, justice and service, as it should be with all of us.

The pulpit which Charles Wagner uses in his Paris church contains some pieces of wood taken from the pulpit which the Coquerals, father and son, used to thunder from. It belongs there, but Charles Wagner can never be a schismatic, not even in the interest of truth; he never can be a Liberal as opposed to Orthodox or a Unitarian as antagonistic to the Evangelical. He is a cosmopolitan in religion because he is a humanitarian; his faith is rooted in the universalities of religion—the religion of the saints, sages, prophets and saints of the world.

I began by alluding to the popularity of Charles Wagner, but I fear that his popularity is at its maximum. He does not preach a popular gospel, though he has deftly touched chords found in every heart; he has voiced the universal longing of the soul, but he has lifted a high standard; he has spoken hard words; he has called for difficult living. When his visit to America was announced UNITY spoke editorially of his approaching visit in the following terms:

"Charles Wagner, author of 'The Simple Life,' is to visit America for the purpose of lecturing and studying our institutions." This announcement suggests the possibility of some painful paradoxes and perplexing contradictions which this apostle of simplicity is likely to encounter in America. He will find his book applauded by ladies in silk trains and costly gowns, his message commended by clubmen as they clink their champagne glasses at banquet tables elaborately given in his honor; he will find his book in the hands of teachers and pupils who belong to schools so highly elaborated that all parties connected therewith are even hanging on the boundary line of nervous prostration from artificial conceits; he will find preachers trying to establish his gospel of simplicity with all the decorations of elaborate ritual, complicated creed and social exclusiveness, all of which goes to show how much easier it is to commend the simple life than to live it. To endorse simplicity is easy; to realize it is the last achievement of the saint and the final test of the sage.

The sermon of Charles Wagner appeals to this congregation with peculiar power. This people's movement in Paris is co-terminous with the All Souls Church movement in Chicago. The mountain preacher began his metropolitan work in 1882, the same year that we began our work in the upper chamber on Vincennnes avenue. The Parisian movement recognizes no ecclesiastical authority, though it is in loving sympathy with all church movements. This is exactly,

as I understand it, the relation of All Souls Church to its neighbors and co-workers of all names and faiths. One of the hopes that brought Wagner across the sea was to gather strength and funds for the building of a new home for the non-sectarian church of Paris, which he proposes to call "The Home of the Soul." His dream in this direction gave him peculiar interest and special sympathy with our building across the way. Our appeal, like his, is to the whole community; we seek to meet, not the theological but the humanitarian needs of our city. Like him, we worship a God who manifests himself in many ways, but chiefly to us through human lives.

Wagner's books are a subtle test of the condition of our souls. Do they interest us? If so, 'tis well. If not, look well to the conditions; the soul is anemic; it is sick; it needs a tonic, it needs better nutrition.

Indeed, this simple gospel is a high gospel. May we so live that it may be expounded in our lives, and that it may be said of us, as we say of him and of the greatest of Teachers, "I come that they might have life, and have it abundantly."

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

A superb volume comes from Putnam, entitled "Emerson; Poet and Thinker." It is the work of Elisabeth Luther Cary. To one who knew Emerson personally any book about him seems cold, if not tedious. His personality was so clearly cut and yet so persuasive that to spend a few hours with him introduced you to a new world. Live as long as you will, this great human being will stand to you and for you as a prophet, if not a Messiah. He will not stand remote from you but very near. For this was the most marked characteristic of Emerson—that he was in keen sympathy with everybody that had the least worth. The volume which is offered us by Miss Cary is a sort of biography of Mr. Emerson, as well as history of his work and its reception. On the whole, I would not be without this volume, as the most complete thing that has been done. The illustrations are very fine indeed. I can tell you this, that while it is one of the choicest gift books of the season, if you open it you will read it, and you will read it to the end.

I am glad for one that the campaign is over, if for no other reason, because the *World's Work* and the *Review of Reviews* can now go back to their legitimate business. For the last three or four months they have been campaigning in the political field. Looking over the magazines the other day I made up my mind that I must once more go back to the old *Atlantic*. This magazine has marvelously kept its old literary flavor, and to read it in this dusty age is like picking a luscious pear, to eat while our sleeves are rolled up, in the middle of a hard job in the cornfield. Industrialism is all right, and for one I heartily believe in it, but we must not let go of master thought and the sweet fragrance of poetry. I shall lay the *Atlantic* on the table hereafter as one of the important items of every-day culture.

I hold, however, that the *Arena* is just now the one most important magazine for American citizens. It is dealing with live problems more than any other periodical in America. Just now it is giving us articles on the British parcels post; on the postal savings banks of Europe; on popular ownership of public utilities; on boards of arbitration; on municipal ownership of natural monopolies; on co-operation; on militarism and democracy; on old age pensions. It will always stand for the people, as opposed to the ring and the machine. I shall be glad to meet the readers of UNITY in the columns of the *Arena,* with a series of historical articles on the struggle of autocracy with democracy in the United States.

Putnam has recently published Sparks' History of the United States, with emphasis placed on the word United. The two volumes aim to fill up a presumed gap between the school histories and the more extended efforts to tell the story of the United States. The story is fairly well told, and most of the great issues that have been fought out are looked at from a standpoint of common sense. In his closing chapter, however, he takes strong grounds in favor of imperialism. In fact, this whole chapter is a rambling and rather shallow performance. If it had been left out of the book it would have been advantageous. If our college professors did not feel called upon to expound political economy, made up of their half-digested college lectures, the country would be quite as safe.

"Out of Work" is a volume by Frances A. Kellor, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. This is a study of employment agencies; their treatment of the unemployed, and their influence upon homes and business. This investigation was begun in 1901, when the author was conducting a study of women in workhouses. She found their experiences with some agencies, and through answering advertisements, indicated great abuses. At last the work involved the study of nine investigators before it was given to the public by Miss Kellor. The book is of decided value in the study of the labor question. It gives almost the quantity of information supplied by a cyclopedia, and on questions that our cyclopedias cannot solve for us. The commercial agencies have become an exceedingly important factor, not only among common laborers but among our college graduates and other school graduates seeking employment. To all such I strongly recommend this volume. E. P. POWELL.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Many words do not satisfy the soul; but a good life calms the mind and a pure conscience gives great confidence towards God.

MON.—It is great wisdom not to be hasty in action nor to hold obstinately to one's own opinion; as also not to believe everything you hear, nor—even if you do believe it—at once to give it currency.

TUES.—But if you do not conquer little and easy things, when will you overcome those which are more difficult?

WED.—He does much who does what he has to do well.

THURS.—If you are not yourself such as you would wish to be, how can you expect to find another according to your liking?

FRI.—He who well and rightly considers his own doings is not likely to judge hardly concerning another.

SAT.—Give me strength to resist, patience to endure, constancy to persevere.

The Imitation of Christ. Thomas á Kempis.

A Toast To A Lady.

When you were a tadpole and I was a fish
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the sluggish tide,
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skitted with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen,
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived, mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died,
And deep in the rift of the Caradock drift,
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the lathe of time,
The hot lands heaved amain,

Till we caught our breath in the womb of death,
And crept into life again.

Then we were amphibians, scaled and tailed,
And deaf as a dead man's hand,
We sprawled at ease beneath the trees,
Or crawled through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet,
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark,
To hint of a life to come.

Yet happy we lived, happy we loved,
And happy we died once more,
And our forms were rolled in the clinging mould
Of a Necromean shore.
And the Aeons came, and Aeons fled
Till the sleep that bound us fast
Was driven away by the dawn of day,
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or dreamed in the balm of the fronded palm
In the hush of those moonlit nights,
And, oh, what beautiful years were these
Where our hearts clung each to each,
And life was filled, and the senses thrilled
With the first faint dawn of speech.

Thus, life by life, and death by death,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And love by love, and breath by breath,
We followed the chain of change,
Till there came a time in the law of life,
And o'er the reeking sod,
The shadows broke and the soul awoke
In the first dim dream of God.

Then I was thewed like an Auroc bull,
And tusked like the great cave bear,
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair;
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When the night fell o'er the main,
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
We numbered the bones of the slain.

For we lived by blood and the right of might,
Ere human laws were drawn,
For the age of sin did not begin
Till our brutish tusks were gone;
And that was a million years ago,
In a time when no man knows,
Yet here tonight in the mellow light,
We sit at Delmonico's.

Your eyes are as deep as the Devon Springs,
Your hair is as black as jet,
Your years are few, your life is new,
Your soul untried, and yet,
Our trail is on the Kimeradge clay,
In the scarp of the Burbeck flags,
We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,
And deep in the Coraline crags.

Our love is old, our life is old,
And death shall come amain,
Should he come today, what man may say,
That we shall not meet again?
Then as we sit at our dinner here,
O'er many a dainty dish,
Let us drink anew to the time when you
Were a tadpole, and I, a fish.

—*James Ames Mitchell.*

Merry Christmas.

"I AM going to be merry all day long!" announced Wilfrid over his baked potato. "It is Merry Christmas and I'm going to show you how to be merry."

"How?" queried Ben and Kitty.

"Why, it's just—just to *be* merry!" replied Wilfrid, loftily. "No matter what happens, all day long, we must laugh. If you fall down stairs, Ben, as you did yesterday, instead of howling, just laugh! You'll see —ow! this potato is awfully hot. I've burned my finger like fun."

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted Ben and Kitty, as loud as they could.

"What are you laughing at, I should like to know?" cried their brother, looking up rather savagely from the finger he was nursing. "I don't see the joke! Guess if it was *your* finger—"

"Merry Christmas!" cried Ben.

"We are laughing 'cause you told us to, Willy!" said Kitty. "Oh, is n't it funny, brother burned his finger! Why don't you laugh, too, Willy?"

Wilfrid was silent a moment; then he gave a forced laugh. "Of course!" he said, glancing rather sheepishly in the direction of Papa, who sat quiet behind his newspaper, and appeared to be taking no notice. ("But you never can tell whether he really is or not," he reflected.) "Of course! I didn't say I should laugh if *you* hurt yourselves, children, but it's all right. You see I laugh, though I really hurt myself *very much indeed*" (with another glance at Papa)! "Come, now! what shall we play till it's time to get ready for church? I vote for 'Old Man I'm on your Castle!' We can play right on the hearth-rug here, and I'll be 'Old Man.'"

"I want to be 'Old Man!'" protested little Kitty. "You's always 'Old Man,' Willy!"

"Cause I'm the oldest!" responded her brother, promptly. "Come on, Kitty, and laugh, you know! Don't look as if I had trodden on your toes just because you want to be 'Old Man.' We must laugh all the more when we don't get the things we want, don't you see?"

The game went on merrily, and all three were laughing with right good-will, when Wilfred caught his foot in a corner of the rug and fell, striking his head pretty sharply against the table. He was dazed for a moment, but as the children's laughter rang out, he started to his feet with looks of fury.

"You hateful little things!" he began, crimson with rage.

But at this moment another laugh was heard. Papa put down his newspaper and began, "Ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! this is Merry Christmas, indeed! Why don't you laugh, Wilfrid, my boy? Ho! ho! this is remarkably funny. Why don't you laugh? Why this is the best joke I have heard to-day. Go to your mother, dear, and ask her to put some arnica on your head, but don't forget to laugh all the way."

"That is the worst of Papa," said Wilfrid to himself, as he went slowly up stairs, rubbing his head, and casting baleful glances at the two little laughing children. "He always makes you do things—when you say you are going to—even if they don't turn out a bit the way you thought they would."

—*From "Five Minute Stories," Laura E. Richards.*

Just A Boy's Dog.

No siree, that dog won't bite.
Not a bit o' danger!
What's his breed? Shore, I don't know;
Jest a "boy's dog," stranger.

No St. Bernard—yet last year,
Time the snow was deepest,
Dragged a little shaver home
Where the hill was steepest.

Ain't a bulldog, but you bet
'Twouldn't do to scoff him.
Fastened on a tramp one time—
Couldn't pry him off him.

Not a pointer—jest the same,
When it is all over,
Ain't a better critter round
Startin' up the plover.

Sell him? Say, there ain't his price,
Not in all the nation!
Jest a "boy's dog"; that's his breed—
Finest in creation.

—*McLandburgh Wilson in New York Sun.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Star In The West.

The world has lost its old content;
With girded loins and nervous hands
The age leads on; her sharp commands
Ring over plains and table lands
Of this wide watered continent.

Who calls the poor in spirit blest?
The rich in spirit win their own.
Hark to the war's shrill bugles blown!
Look to the rippling banner thrown
And streaming in the west!

Who says the meek inherit here?
The earth is theirs whose hands are strong.
Work for the night comes, art is long.
Onward the keen, stern faces throng,
Quick-eyed, intent, sincere.

Our life has lost its ancient rest,
The pale blue flower of peace that grows
By cottage wall and garden close.
Star in the east, ah, whither goes
This star that leads us west?

—*Arthur Colton, in the December Atlantic.*

THE BECKONINGS OF SUMMER LAND.—We have no ax to grind with the Santa Fe route; we were neither asked nor paid for this item, but, as our readers may have noticed, we have an eye out for railroad advertising, which so often reaches exquisite results in the art preservative. California is scarcely more alluring in these storm-threatening days than is a ride to California over the California Limited on the Santa Fé route, as set forth by the dainty pictures and attractive letter press in the circular at hand; and the best of it is that the memories of a trip over that route enforce the pictures and make us wish we might do it all over again. There are many good ways of going to California; certainly one delightful way is to go over the Santa Fé.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—We have received no report of the joyous occasion, but the Church of the Unity of Cleveland must have rejoiced in the dedication of its new church on Sunday, November 20th, when Minot Savage preached the dedication sermon. The traditions of the ministry of Mayo, Forbush, Hosmer, Miss Murdoch and Miss Buck give strength, momentum and meaning to the present successful pastorate of Mr. Simons, who has brought the parish to this new home. The congratulations of those who rejoiced in the dedication of the first church, which we can scarcely think of as old, are cordially extended.

TORONTO, CANADA.—J. T. Sunderland has returned to the ceremonial observation of the Levitical law; he has rendered burnt offerings in the house of worship before all the people, but instead of sacrificing an innocent lamb he consigned to the flames a troublesome mortgage, and all the people gave thanks and the congregation said "amen!" Brother ministers came from afar to take part in the high ceremonial which was interpreted, we presume, as a sign of a living church in the twentieth century, the subejct under discussion. The Sunday announcements show that after this jubilee minister and people turn to something worth while. Mr. Sunderland's Sunday evening topics represent a series of lectures on the Gifts of the World, of Asia, Europe and America, The Bible in the Light of Modern Knowledge and Great Modern Religious Movements and Their Leaders. The program reaches from November 27th to March 19th. There are Unity, Browning and Unitarian clubs and women's alliance activities. This same announcement defends Unitarianism as Christianity in the light of the twentieth century. It is the religion of reason and the human heart. It is the religion of the Lord's Prayer, the Golden Rule and the two great commands of love to God and love to man. It stands for deeds, not dogmas; for hope and trust and worship, not creeds; for freedom of thought and progress, not for bondage to the past; for earnest and united effort to build up the kingdom of heaven on earth. It teaches that the truest service of God is service of humanity.

TUSKEGEE.—The following extract from Booker T. Washington's last report to the trustees is of national interest; it appeals to white and black, to the friends of progress North and South. We gladly give it room in the columns of UNITY.

During the twenty-three years that the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute has been in existence, counting those who have finished the full course together with the much larger number of those who have taken a partial course but who have remained long enough to get into the spirit and methods of the institution, we have sent out quite 6,000 men and women who are doing effective work, mainly in the South as teachers both in the class room and of the industries, as mechanics, and in domestic work. Practically all of our graduates are in demand even before they graduate, and a large proportion of our men and women are employed by southern white people at an average daily wage that is nearly three times as great as that paid to the average ignorant, untrained colored man or woman. At the present time there are 1,243 students enrolled. The institution has proven its right to exist and its claims upon the public.

Just now there are three urgent needs which I think the public would like to know about and assist us in meeting:

First. The annual cost of operating the institution is $160,000. Of this amount we can depend upon $69,933 from assured sources, leaving $90,067 to be raised through the gifts of friends.

Second. Increase of our endowment fund from its present figures, $1,030,553.28, to at least $3,000,000.

Third. Sixty-five thousand dollars with which to build a new dining hall—$19,000 of this amount now being in hand. No need of the school is more urgent than this one. The students will make the bricks and do most of the work on the building, so that the money would not only provide the building but would give students the chance to earn money and learn a trade.

We shall be glad of money towards one or all these purposes. The smallest sum will be gratefully received. Money sent to the school for these objects will enable the principal to spend a larger proportion of his time and strength on the school grounds and in the South, where his services are much needed.

THE TOPEKA EDUCATIONAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE.—One achievement will not save the world. Booker T. Washington is not the only man who is doing valiant service for the colored race and who deserves co-operation on account of the good done. There is a Western Tuskegee in Topeka, Kan., that represents a hopeful beginning. It owns one hundred acres of land, with orchard, quarry, eight buildings, live stock, etc. Of its nine instructors, five are graduates of Tuskegee. All this has grown in nine years from two teachers working in a rented shanty. Let the interested ones, and they ought to be numbered by thousands, send a postage stamp to William R. Carter, principal, Topeka, Kan., and learn further particulars.

Foreign Notes.

INDIA'S FUTURE NATION-BUILDERS.

"The nation has never existed, said they, therefore it can never exist. But we—viewing the question from the height of our ruling synthesis—declare: The nation has not as yet existed; therefore, it must exist in future. A people destined to achieve great things for the welfare of humanity, must one day or other be constituted a nation."

This was spoken of Italy by one of her great patriots—the greatest of her nation-builders. And drawing inspiration from the history of such western countries, a renowned thinker in India said the following to an audience composed mainly of students:

". . . Hence India is yet to be made a living reality, an organized entity, and you, the students of to-day, with tens of thousands of your like throughout the land, yau are to be the builders of India, and from your hands she will emerge a nation. . . . Germany has been made into a nation before our very eyes and is full of stirring national life and intense patriotic feeling, and Germany is specially instructive to us, because there we see two religions, one in name but bitterly antagonistic in fact, facing each other, the Roman Catholic and the Lutheran, separated by memories of axe and fire, of cruelties more terrible and as recent as the memories of hatred between Hindus and Musselmans here. Yet now both the Lutheran and the Roman Catholic are brother citizens of the empire, and Germans above all.

"How did Italy and Germany become nations? By sentiment. That may strike you as strange, and yet not strange, if you remember that thought is the one creative power. There was no Italy. But poets sang of the Fatherland, authors wrote of the Fatherland, and at last they sang the nation into birth, they sang the dream into fact.

"How shall the Indian nation be born? By sentiment, also.

A feeling is beginning to pervade her races that India is the Motherland, and the Indian nation is already a dream, an ideal. She exists already in the world of ideas; she will pass, she is passing, into the world of discussion, and thence she will be born into the world of facts. This is the law. This is the path—first idea, then the popularisation, then the fact.''—*New India.*

Killing India.—Is a thought ever given to the question of the cost of this Tibetan expedition, all thrown on India; and already mounting towards a million sterling, if it has not by now exceeded that sum? A million sterling by the conventional reckoning is 15,000,000 rupees, and such a sum in rupees much exceeds the annual income of 300,000 of the poorer classes of the Indian people. What right have we to devour their means of subsistence at this rate? They have no voice in the disposal of their earnings, of their lives, and, because they are dumb and suppressed, we devour them like locusts, caring nothing for their hunger. Is it possible for any sane human being to believe that a state can prosper thus harried and slighted? A day will assuredly come when our apathy and selfish indifference, an apathy and indifference fittingly illustrated in a scramble talk on the Indian Budget by an exhausted and discredited House of Commons, eager for its moors and pleasure resorts, will bring its retribution. It takes long to kill a great nation, but killing India we are, eating it up, sterilizing it until the wastes of Asia Minor, which were once the fairest and richest provinces of the Byzantine Empire, will seem as the Garden of Eden to the desolation of Hindostan. But such are the fruits of imperialism always, for imperialism is brutality towards the weak, selfishness, unlimited greed and cant.—*Investors' Review.*

Correspondence.

To the Editor of UNITY:

I have just completed reading the synopsis in your last issue of Mrs. MacClintock's most excellent address before the Women's Club of your city. I am moved by the ''Cry of the Children'' as voiced therein to speak of a ''community school.'' A combination of home and school that the speaker depicts as necessary ''to give rise to the most rational and reasonable social communion.'' I refer to the Hillside Home School at Hillside, Wis., near Madison.

In reading the article I was struck by the way this school embodies Mrs. MacClintock's ideal.

First. ''School is social life, that home is social life, that wherever the child is adjusting himself to his fellows and co-operating with them he is living his life and it is always social.'' Both sides of this proposition are pre-eminently true in this home-school or school-home—one name is as characteristic as the other. The regime throughout is that of a refined, intelligent and well-directed home, where ''the occupations and duties of school and home combined are so arranged and have such attachments of human joy and interest that they satisfy the child * * * without the aid of the conventional social life with its demands, its observance and its events.''

Second. ''The social life of our children should be democratic.''

This home school is a social democracy, intelligent, artistic, religious; a democracy that is a long way on the road to the brotherhood of men. It is here that ''many kinds of children from all sorts of families, out of many sorts of experiences, come together, following common interests and doing common tasks which give rise to the most natural and reasonable social communion.'' Then again, the country environment of this school adds another feature to its democratic atmosphere—for the city and the country child herein are associated together, each learning to respect and love the other. Its setting also makes possible the normal study of the sciences; the gardens, the orchards, the rocks, the water courses and the soils of the farms make delightful the study of botany, entomology and geology, while agriculture helps to interpret chemistry. The farm enables the pupil to approach fundamental principles from observation and experiment.''

Third. Simplicity of life as defined by the speaker and its apostle, Charles Wagner, is found in this school. Simplicity of dress is insisted upon, for the proprietors believe in the truth of the utterance, ''The ugliness and immorality of finery for the young.'' Simplicity in tastes is instilled here. The natural craving for the dramatic is satisfied by home plays where the play-writer and the actors are the members of this little community. Cantatas and concerts are given in the same way. Simplicity of manners is here acquired; that code etiquette that arises from the observance of the golden rule and the boyish interpretation thereof, ''fun for both sides.'' All artificial requirements that make the child a pretender are eschewed. So in this communal school we find *simplicity* in its threefold aspect. ''Simplicity as opposed to complexity;'' simplicity as opposed to costliness; simplicity as opposed to artificiality.

Space forbids my saying more of this unique school, but for a further understanding of it I quote from a letter of a friend, one of the leaders in the educational ranks of the state. In refering to Dr. Hall's work on adolescence, he says: ''Note Dr. Hall's perfect picturization of the Lloyd-Jones sister's school on pages, 561-648, vol. II. If the man had gone to Hillside under a pledge to adopt what he should see as his severe guide for environing the youth and had written true to his sight he would not have done Hillside with more perfection than he has by describing his ideal in his book.'' I write this because I know there are scores of parents who would be glad of such a place for their boys and girls, did they know of it. For under existing social conditions it is often impossible to so manage a city home with its many social demands and perplexities as to secure the well being of the child. This I know from experience.

Let me add my grateful word for UNITY, that sounds so persistently the clarion note of the higher life. Yours very truly,

J. W. GREENLEAF.

Hillside, Wis., November 22, 1904.

Editor UNITY: I was surprised to read in your soul-inspiring paper your recent note recommending a ''Parcel Post'' addition to our postal system. The time will come for ''Parcel Post'' when the government owns and operates the railroads, but not before. At present such a system would ruin thousands of small merchants, because the larger dealer in city, buying in large quantities, could outsell him. It would increase competition at a time when the world needs co-operation. Yours, etc.,

C. W. STAPLE.

Osceola, Wis.

The after-election sermon in your issue of November 17 is incomparably the best word that I have seen on the election. We have got to gird up our loins, all of us who have any salt in us, for vaster, bolder and more perfect programs. I hope to see you in January. Mrs. Mead and I are going out to speak in Milwaukee and some other western cities. EDWIN D. MEAD.

Appreciations of Unity.

AN ILLINOIS FRIEND: ''I enjoy UNITY from cover to cover.''

FROM A PENNSYLVANIA READER: ''About the largest share of faith and hope I have been able to draw from life during the past ten years has come through the pages of UNITY.''

FROM AN EPISCOPALIAN RECTOR: ''For some time past I have been the reader week by week of UNITY, and have found it of great value. I do not know to whom I am indebted for the pleasure and the profit that come to me with your paper. I wish to express my gratitude for the past and to secure myself for the future. I enclose a check for four dollars to pay for the two years already enjoyed and ask that my name be placed on the list of regular subscribers. I also send you under separate cover some publications in which you may be interested. Wishing your sheet true success, which always comes with true work, I remain, etc.''

FROM A MASSACHUSETTS FRIEND: ''Find enclosed two dollars; please give me credit for one year's subscription to UNITY. I am aware that this does not square my account, but I am intending to send enough money to do so before long. I thank you for sending the paper to me so long after the expiration of my paid subscription. I enjoy reading the paper and would not like to be without it, and the time will soon be when I can pay in advance instead of having to ask you to wait for the money.''

FROM TOLEDO: ''My wife says of all the magazines and papers which come into our house she could let them all go, but not UNITY. To me it is like a personal letter every week from a very dear friend and classmate. We should not let UNITY go even if the price were double.''

The Open And Closed Shop.

The editor of *McClure's Magazine,* in presenting Ray Stannard Baker's article on ''The Rise of the Tailors,'' in the December number, makes this explanatory statement:

''The extraordinary story here given of labor warfare in New York city interprets, perhaps better than any amount of purely academic discussion, the real significance to the American people of the 'closed shop,' with its antithesis, the 'open shop'—the most vital industrial problem of the day.''

This well prefaces Mr. Baker's remarkable discussion of the strike of the garment-workers, the tremendously meaning story of ''democracy on its way up.'' He describes the condition of these workers, before the union came to their salvation, in the sweat-shop—the lowest paid, most degrading of American employment, far worse than slavery. The Yiddish struggler, seeking the land of freedom, merely changed oppressions—from the political tyranny of Russia to the industrial tyranny of America. The former deprived him of his rights, the latter took his life. To-day the sweat-shop and the task system, as they were known a few years ago, have utterly disappeared, and the chief influence in effecting this reform has been trade-union organization. The Garment Workers' Union grew in usefulness and power, but, succumbing to the weakness of human nature, it sometimes abused that power. There appeared the usual

tendencies to monopolize labor, to raise wages inordinately, and to practice many sorts of restrictions. The protest, then the action, of the employers followed, the principle of the "open shop" was declared and enforced, and the union struck. Under unfavorable conditions, in spite of the heroic sacrifice and devotion of the Garment Workers, the strike failed. There were many to fill every vacant place. Somehow the world's work gets itself done, irresistibly, remorselessly, regardless of unions or associations, of human aspirations or human life.

Yet, Mr. Baker points out, the union, though defeated, has accomplished much; "the industrial policeman," he calls it. To the garment workers it is the only barrier that stands in the way of a swift return to sweat-shop conditions. The public certainly pays for unionism. Wage advances come, finally, from the pocket of the consumer. But the Americanizing of the East Side through unionism would be cheap at almost any price.

Some important deductions are drawn by Mr. Baker concerning the question of unionism which will bear much study. "Unionism," he declares, "is a necessary, vital force in our life; but just as surely as it is a great power for good, it may also, unlimited and unrestricted, become a dangerous influence for evil."

"The union," he says again, "is not only a benefit to both workers and employers, but it has become, in our complex democratic civilization, an absolute necessity, and it should be as jealously guarded by society as any other great institution;" and this well summarizes his argument: "It can be conclusively shown that, exactly as an extreme 'open shop' condition (the result of which is finally a wholly non-union shop) is a detriment to employers as well as to the workers, so an extreme 'closed shop' is a detriment to the workers as well as to the employers. Neither extreme is wise. It is essential to recognize the limitations of the principle of trade-unionism. The best condition is one in which there are strong organizations on both sides, each holding the other in check."

The labor problem is not abstract, but intensely practical. Each side must refrain from exercising all of its rights (in common with all men in civilized society), and must submit to the eternal law of compromise, that industry may progress in peace.

Announcements.

The Senior Editor of UNITY will probably spend his March escape in and around Texas. Prof. Walter A. Payne of the Extension department of the University of Chicago is arranging for his itinerary. All applications for lectures and interpretative readings, singly or in course, should be made to him.

Two lectures on Browning by Frederic E. Dewhurst. I. "Browning and the Problem of Optimism." II. "Browning's Caliban on Setebos," an interpretation.

These lectures are suitable for Browning clubs, or general lecture courses. For terms and dates address,

FREDERIC E. DEWHURST,
5746 Madison Ave., Chicago.

"The New Method of Purifying Water," in the December *Century* will be the story, told by Gilbert H. Grosvenor, of Dr. George T. Moore's remarkable discovery—a discovery that means inestimable health and happiness to the world's cities. Dr. Moore was graduated at Harvard in 1895. For several years he has been a member of the brilliant scientific corps of the Department of Agriculture, being the director of the Laboratory of Plant Physiology in the office of the chief pathologist and physiogist, Bureau of Plant Industry. He is the same man who perfected a means of inoculating sterile ground and making it bring forth fruit in abundance. His discovery, announced with the authority of the United States government behind it, means the possible elimination of typhoid fever, yellow fever, and similar scourges, for Dr. Moore has proved that proper use of copper sulphate will make sweet and clean and safe the largest and most evil smelling and foul looking of city reservoirs, as he believes without the slightest risk of injurious results from the copper treatment.

The True Revival versus Torreyism

In this pamphlet, published in England, six British pastors of some prominence, Congregational and Presbyterian, record, with their reasons for it, their conviction that the missions which Dr. R. A. Torrey has been conducting in England "retard greatly the cause of religious progress" in various ways.—*From The Outlook.*

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